THE HERITAGE OF LITERATURE SERIES

General Editor: E. W. PARKER, MC.

A series that will lead to wider horizons by awakening a love of good books, and by providing a key to the treasures of the world's best thought.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

DRAMA

FICTION

MYTHS AND FOLK LORE

HISTORY

LIFE AND LETTERS

POETRY



The Heritage of Literature Series

SECTION A NO 13

THE POETS' WAY

THE POETS' WAY
STAGE I *and* STAGE II
Stages I and II in one volume

THE POETS' HARVEST
Being Stage III of
THE POETS' WAY

THE POETS' COMPANY
COMPLETE EDITION
And in Two Parts

VOL. I. THE POETS' COMPANY
TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

VOL. II. MODERN POETRY
MEREDITH TO SPENDER

THE POETS' WAY

STAGE I

SELECTED BY

E. W. PARKER, M.C.

EDITED BY

A. R. MOON, M.A.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO

LONDON · NEW YORK · TORONTO

FOREWORD

IKE the magic carpet of the story-books, poetry can ansport you from your fireside corner to lands afar, the scene of adventure and romance, or to the open oad of the countryside at the spring of the year. efore poetry can give you these delights it must be ead with enjoyment · take your favourite poets and et them be your companions. If it is adventure you vant, poetry will give you all you desire. Without nowing how it happened, you will soon be flying on hat magic carpet to join the company of those who eek high adventure

On your way you will discover that the poets are rue adventurers whose minds leap beyond the bounds of earth and send us messages that words alone cannot express

All men are poets, but few can impart the feelings that beauty of every kind can awaken in their hearts Listen in and attune your hearing to their messages and you will realize your own kinship with the poets

Many poems printed here have come down to us from the past, some from times so remote that those who first sang them are unknown This is part of the

splendid heritage that is the birthright of all who speak English. When you read the modern poems in this book you will realize the continuity as well as the richness of our heritage. These poets, already deservedly famous, are with you in the quest of adventure.

E.W.P.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

ny friends have offered useful suggestions and criticisms and I
uld like to record my gratitude to them I am particularly
ebted to Dr Gurrey for the generosity with which he has helped
with friendly criticism and advice.
ly thanks are due to the owners of the copyright poems and
sions of older poems that are reprinted in this collection

Ir Herbert Asquith for "The Elephant" from *Poems 1912-1933*,
blished by Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd, Messrs George Bell
Sons Ltd for the ballad "An Auld Wife Sat" from *Fly Leaves*
C. S Calverley, the representatives of Lewis Carroll and Messrs
cmillan & Co Ltd for "Some Hallucinations," being the
rdener's Song from *Sylvie and Bruno*, The Clarendon Press,
ford, for "Preparations" from *The Oxford Book of English*
rse; Mr John Davidson and Messrs John Lane The Bodley Head
d for "A Runnable Stag" from *Holiday, and Other Poems*,
r. Walter De la Mare for his version of "There Was a Knight"
om *Come Hither*, for "The Scarecrow" from *The Listeners, and*
her Poems, for "Nicholas Nye" from *Poems 1901-1918* and for
"A Song of Enchantment" from *Peacock Pie*, published by Messrs
nstable & Co Ltd, and for "Tartary" from *Songs of Child-*
ood, published by Messrs Longmans, Green & Co Ltd, the
ecutors of Thomas Hardy and Messrs Macmillan & Co Ltd
r "Men Who March Away" from *Collected Poems of Thomas*
ardy; Messrs Wm Heinemann Ltd for the extract from "The
iling of the Swallow" from A C Swinburne's *Tristram of*
yonesse; Miss Maud Karpeles and Messrs Novello & Co Ltd for
ecil Sharp's version of "The Gipsy Laddie" from *Folk Songs of*
nglish Origin Collected in the Southern Appalachians Mrs
udyard Kipling for "Puck's Song" from *Puck of Pook's Hill* by
udyard Kipling, published by Messrs Macmillan & Co Ltd, Mr.
ohn Masefield for "The West Wind" and "Roadways" from his
ollected Poems published by Messrs Wm Heinemann Ltd,
Messrs. Methuen & Co Ltd for the versions of "The Spanish

splendid heritage that is the birthright of all who speak English. When you read the modern poems in this book you will realize the continuity as well as the richness of our heritage. These poets, already deservedly famous, are with you in the quest of adventure.

E.W.P.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many friends have offered useful suggestions and criticisms and I should like to record my gratitude to them. I am particularly indebted to Dr Gurrey for the generosity with which he has helped me with friendly criticism and advice.

My thanks are due to the owners of the copyright poems and versions of older poems that are reprinted in this collection:

Mr. Herbert Asquith for "The Elephant" from *Poems 1912-1933*, published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd.; Messrs. George Bell & Sons Ltd. for the ballad "An Auld Wife Sat" from *Fly Leaves* by C. S. Calverley; the representatives of Lewis Carroll and Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. for "Some Hallucinations," being the Gardener's Song from *Sylvie and Bruno*; The Clarendon Press, Oxford, for "Preparations" from *The Oxford Book of English Verse*; Mr. John Davidson and Messrs. John Lane The Bodley Head Ltd. for "A Runnable Stag" from *Holiday, and Other Poems*; Mr. Walter De la Mare for his version of "There Was a Knight" from *Come Hither*, for "The Scarecrow" from *The Listeners, and Other Poems*, for "Nicholas Nye" from *Poems 1901-1918* and for "A Song of Enchantment" from *Peacock Pie*, published by Messrs. Constable & Co. Ltd., and for "Tartary" from *Songs of Childhood*, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd.; the Executors of Thomas Hardy and Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. for "Men Who March Away" from *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*; Messrs. Wm. Heinemann Ltd. for the extract from "The Song of the Swallow" from A. C. Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*; Miss Maud Karpeles and Messrs. Novello & Co. Ltd. for Cecil Sharp's version of "The Gipsy Laddie" from *Folk Songs of English Origin Collected in the Southern Appalachians*; Mrs. Rudyard Kipling for "Puck's Song" from *Puck of Pook's Hill* by Rudyard Kipling, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd.; Mr. John Masefield for "The West Wind" and "Roadways" from his *Collected Poems* published by Messrs. Wm. Heinemann Ltd.; Messrs. Methuen & Co. Ltd. for the versions of "The Spanish

splendid heritage that is the birthright of all who speak English. When you read the modern poems in this book you will realize the continuity as well as the richness of our heritage. These poets, already deservedly famous, are with you in the quest of adventure.

E.W.P.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many friends have offered useful suggestions and criticisms and I
should like to record my gratitude to them I am particularly
indebted to Dr Gurrey for the generosity with which he has helped
me with friendly criticism and advice.

My thanks are due to the owners of the copyright poems and
versions of older poems that are reprinted in this collection

Mr Herbert Asquith for "The Elephant" from Poems 1912-1933,
published by Messrs Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd, Messrs George Bell
Sons Ltd for the ballad "An Auld Wife Sat" from Fly Leaves
C S Calverley, the representatives of Lewis Carroll and Messrs.
Macmillan & Co Ltd for "Some Hallucinations," being the
Gardener's Song from Sylvie and Bruno, The Clarendon Press,
rd for "Preparations" from The Oxford Book of Engl...
, Mr John Davidson and Messrs John Lane The Bodley H...
for "A Runnable Stag" from Holiday, and Other Poe...
Walter De la Mare for his version of "There Was a Knigh...
from Come Hither, for "The Scarecrow" from The Listeners, a...
Other Poems, for "Nicholas Nye" from Poems 1901 1918 and f...
"A Song of Enchantment" from Peacock Pie, published by Messrs
Constable & Co Ltd, and for "Tartary" from Songs of Child-
hood, published by Messrs Longmans, Green & Co Ltd, the
Executors of Thomas Hardy and Messrs Macmillan & Co Ltd.
for "Men Who March Away" from Collected Poems of Thomas
Hardy, Messrs Wm Heinemann Ltd for the extract from "The
...ing of the Swallow" from A C Swinburne's Tristram of
Lyonesse; Miss Maud Karpeles and Messrs Novello & Co Ltd for
...cil Sharp's version of "The Gipsy Laddie" from Folk Songs of
English Origin Collected in the Southern Appalachians, Mrs
Rudyard Kipling for "Puck's Song" from Puck of Pook's Hill by
Rudyard Kipling, published by Messrs Macmillan & Co Ltd, Mr.
John Masefield for "The West Wind" and "Roadways" from his
Collected Poems published by Messrs Wm Heinemann Ltd;
Messrs Methuen & Co Ltd. for the versions of "The Spanish

Armado " and " The Winning of Cales " from *The Sailor's Garland* edited by Mr. John Masefield; Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for " Heather Ale " from *Poems* by R. L. Stevenson; Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch for " Sage Counsel "; and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd. for " The Blackbird," " Moonlit Apples " and " The Vagabond " from *Collected Poems of John Drinkwater.*

E.W.P.

CONTENTS

MANY ADVENTURES

A ROUND OF SONGS

FUN AND

THE COUN

CONTENTS

TALES OF LONG AGO

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

MANY ADVENTURES

THE SCARECROW

All winter through I bow my head
  Beneath the driving rain;
The North wind powders me with snow
  And blows me black again,
At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
  I flame with glittering rime,
And stand, above the stubble, stiff
  As mail at morning-prime.
But when that child, called Spring, and all
  His host of children, come,
Scattering their buds and dew upon
  These acres of my home,
Some rapture in my rags awakes;
  I lift void eyes and scan
The skies for crows, those ravening foes,
  Of my strange master, Man.
I watch him striding lank behind
  His clashing team, and know
Soon will the wheat swish body high
  Where once lay sterile snow;
Soon shall I gaze across a sea
  Of sun-begotten grain,
Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
  For harvest once again.

WALTER DE LA MARE

A PLAIN DIRECTION[1]

In London once I lost my way
  In faring to and fro,
And asked a little ragged boy
  The way that I should go;
He gave a nod, and then a wink,
  And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
  And all round the Square."

I boxed his little saucy ears,
  And then away I strode;
But since, I've found that weary path
  Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
  But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
  And all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town
  That drove a famous trade,
Where Whittington walked up and found
  A fortune ready made.
The very streets are paved with gold;
  But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
  And all round the Square."

[1] The complete version of this poem contains many satirical verses that have nowadays lost their sting.

I've read about a Fairy Land,
  In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs, if good, are sure to thrive,
  And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
  But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
  And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant land,
  Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run, crying out,
  "Come eat me, if you please."
My appetite is rather keen,
  But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
  And all round the Square."

THOMAS HOOD

THE WEE WEE MAN

As I was walking all alone
  Between a water and a wa',
And there I spied a wee wee man,
  And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's[1] length,
  And thick and thimber[2] was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
  And between his shoulders there was three.

[1] A distance of about six inches. *Shath* seems to be connected with a Breton word meaning *a span*.
[2] Strong.

He took up a mickle stone,
And he flung it as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I couldn't have lifted it to my knee.

"O wee wee man, but thou art strong!
O tell me where thy dwelling be."
"My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower;
O will you go with me and see?"

On we leapt, and away we rode,
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down for to bait[1] our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

Four and twenty at her back,
And they were all clad out in green;
Though the King of Scotland had been there,
The worst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we leapt, and away we rode,
Till we came to yon bonny hall,
Where the roof was o' the beaten gold,
And the floor was o' the crystal all.

When we came to the stair-foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp[2] and sma',
—But in the twinkling of an eye
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

ANONYMOUS

[1] Refresh. [2] Slim.

TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne,
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forest tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds,
And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!

Lord of the hills of Tartary,
  Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
  In every purple vale!

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE ELEPHANT

Here comes the elephant
Swaying along
With his cargo of children
All singing a song:
To the tinkle of laughter
He goes on his way,
And his cargo of children
Have crowned him with may.

His legs are in leather
And padded his toes;
He can root up an oak
With a whisk of his nose;
With a wave of his trunk
And a turn of his chin
He can pull down a house,
Or pick up a pin.
Beneath his grey forehead
A little eye peers;
Of what is he thinking
Between those wide ears?

What does he feel?
If he wished to tease,
He could twirl his keeper
Over the trees;
If he were not kind,
He could play cup and ball
With Robert and Helen
And Uncle Paul;

But that grey forehead,
Those crinkled ears
Have learned to be kind
In a hundred years:
And so with the children
He goes on his way
To the tinkle of laughter
And crowned with the may.

HERBERT ASQUITH

THE THREE RAVENS

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe,
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe—
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slaine under his shield.

"His hounds they lie down at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

"His haukes they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare come him nie."

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yonge as she might goe.

She lift up his bloudy head,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a lemàn!

ANONYMOUS

THE BALLAD OF JENNY THE MARE

I'll sing you a song, and a merry merry song,
  Concerning our Yorkshire Jen;
Who ne'er yet ran with horse or mare,
  That ever she cared for a pin.

When first she came to Newmarket town,
  The sportsmen all viewed her around;

All the cry was, "Alas, poor wench,
  Thou never can run this ground! "

When they came to the starting-post,
  The Mare looked very smart;
And let them all say what they will,
  She never lost her start.

When they got to the two-mile post,
  Poor Jenny was cast behind:
She was cast behind, she was cast behind,
  All for to take her wind.

When they got to the three-mile post,
  The Mare look'd very pale—
SHE LAID DOWN HER EARS ON HER BONNY NECK,
  AND BY THEM ALL DID SHE SAIL.

"Come follow me, come follow me,
  All you that run so neat,
And ere that you catch me again
  I'll make you all to sweat."

When she got to the winning-post,
  The people all gave a shout;
And Jenny click'd up her lily-white foot,
  And jumped like any buck.

The Jockey said to her, "This race you
    have run,
  This race for me you have got;
You could gallop it all over again,
  When the rest could hardly trot! "

EDWARD FITZGERALD

THERE WAS A KNIGHT

There was a knicht riding frae the east,
  Jennifer gentle an' rosemaree.
Who had been wooing at monie a place,
  As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

He cam' unto a widow's door,
And speird whare her three dochters were.

"The auldest ane's to a washing gane,
The second's to a baking gane.

"The youngest ane's to a wedding gane,
And it will be nicht or she be hame."

He sat him doun upon a stane,
Till thir three lasses cam' tripping hame.

The auldest ane she let him in,
And pinned the door wi' a siller pin.

The second ane she made his bed,
And laid saft pillows unto his head.

The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,
And she tarried for words wi' this unco
  knicht:—

"Gin ye will answer me questions ten,
The morn ye sall me make your ain:—

"O what is higher nor the tree?
And what is deeper nor the sea?

"Or what is heavier nor the lead?
And what is better nor the bread?

"Or what is whiter nor the milk?
Or what is safter nor the silk?

"Or what is sharper nor a thorn?
Or what is louder nor a horn?

"Or what is greener nor the grass?
Or what is waur nor a woman was?"

"O heaven is higher nor the tree,
And hell is deeper nor the sea.

"O sin is heavier nor the lead,
The blessings better nor the bread.

"The snaw is whiter nor the milk,
And the down is safter nor the silk.

"Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,
And shame is louder nor a horn.

"The pies are greener nor the grass,
And Clootie's[1] waur nor a woman was."

As sune as she the fiend did name,
  Jennifer gentle an' rosemaree,
He flew awa' in a blazing flame,
  As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

ANONYMOUS

[1] *Clootie* was a name for the Devil *Cloot* is a Scots word for a hoof.

THE HONOUR OF A LONDON PRENTICE

Of a worthy London prentice
  My purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave adventures,
  Done for his country's sake:
Seek all the world about,
  And you shall hardly find
A man in valour to exceed
  A prentice' gallant mind.

He was born [and bred] in Cheshire,
  The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London,
  A prentice for to be.
A merchant on the bridge
  Did like his service so,
That, for three years, his factor
  To Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country
  One year he had not been,
Ere he by tilt maintained
  The honour of his queen;
Elizabeth his princess
  He nobly did make known,
To be the phœnix of the world,
  And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
  Well mounted on a steed,

One score of knights most hardy
  One day he made to bleed;
And brought them all to ground,
  Who proudly did deny
Elizabeth to be the pearl
  Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
  Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son, there present,
  To pull this youngster down;
Who, at his father's words,
  These boasting speeches said,
"Thou art a traitor, English boy,
  And hast the traitor play'd."

"I am no boy, nor traitor,
  Thy speeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged
  Upon thee, by and by;
A London prentice still
  Shall prove as good a man,
As any of your Turkish knights,
  Do all the best you can."

And therewithal he gave him
  A box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck asunder,
  As plainly doth appear.
"Now know, proud Turk," quoth he,
  "I am no English boy,
That can, with one small box o' th' ear,
  The prince of Turks destroy."

When as the king perceivèd
His son so strangely slain,
His soul was sore afflicted,
With more than mortal pain;
And, in revenge thereof,
He swore that he should die
The cruel'st death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lions were prepared
This prentice to devour,
Near famish'd up with hunger,
Ten days within a tower,
To make them far more fierce,
And eager of their prey,
To glut themselves with human gore
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment
At length grew nigh at hand,
Where all the noble ladies
And barons of the land
Attended on the king,
To see this prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry maws
Of those fierce lions twain.

Then in his shirt of cambric,
With silk most richly wrought,
This worthy London prentice
Was from the prison brought,
And to the lions given
To staunch their hunger great,

Which had not eat in ten days' space
  Not one small bit of meat.

But God, that knows all secrets,
  The matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
  They were of life depriv'd,
For, *being faint for food,*
  They scarcely could withstand
The noble force, and fortitude,
  And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lions
  Had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
  With the echo of their cries:
And running all amain
  His body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
  With all his might and power:

From thence, by manly valour,
  Their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the king he threw them,
  To all the people's wonder.
"This have I done," quoth he,
  "For lovely England's sake,
And for my country's [illegible]
  Much *more will* [illegible]"

But when the king perceived
  His wrathful [illegible]
Afflicted with [illegible]
  His rigour [illegible]

And turnèd all his hate
Into remorse and love,
And said, "It is some angel,
Sent down from heaven above."

"No, no, I am no angel,"
The courteous young man said,
"But born in famous England,
Where God's word is obey'd;
Assisted by the heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or else they had, most cruelly,
Brought here my life to end."

The king, in heart amazèd,
Lift up his eyes to heaven,
And, for his foul offences,
Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no land
Like England may be seen,
No people better governed,
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
He pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him,
To be his wedded wife.
Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
In joy and love's increase.

ANONYM

AN OLD FOLK SONG

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
  Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
  Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
And shot his own sow through the heart;
  Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring brandy in a spoon,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
For our old sow is in a swoon;
  Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

ANONYMOUS

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my Castle, before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey,
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
Boot, saddle, to horse and away."

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows, ere this, by my fay,
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away?"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

ROBERT BROWNING

THE GIPSY LADDIE

It was late in the night when the Squire came home
Enquiring for his lady.
His servant made a sure reply:
"She's gone with the gipsum Davy."
Rattle tum a gipsum gipsum
Rattle tum a gipsum Davy.

"O go catch up my milk-white steed,
The black one's not so speedy,
I'll ride all night till broad daylight,
Or overtake my lady."

He rode and he rode till he came to the town,
He rode till he came to Barley.
The tears came rolling down his cheeks,
And then he spied his lady.

"It's come go back, my dearest dear,
Come go back, my honey;
It's come go back, my dearest dear,
And you never shall lack for money."

"I won't go back, my dearest dear,
I won't go back, my honey;
For I wouldn't give a kiss from gipsum's lips
For you and all your money."

"It's go pull off those snow-white gloves,
A-made of Spanish leather,
And give to me your lily-white hand,
And bid farewell for ever."

It's she pulled off those snow-white gloves,
A-made of Spanish leather,
And gave to him her lily-white hand,
And bade farewell for ever.

She soon ran through her gay clothing,
Her velvet shoes and stockings;
Her gold ring off her finger's gone,
And the gold plate off her bosom.

"O once I had a house and land,
Feather-bed and money;
But now I've come to an old straw pad
With the gipsies dancing round me."

ANONYMOUS

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
  Many a monk, and many a friar,
  Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
  Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

  In and out, through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
  Here and there, like a dog in a fair,
  Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier—he hopp'd upon all!
  With saucy air, he perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
  And he peer'd in the face of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
  And the priests, with awe, as such freaks they saw,
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns[1] and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little singing boys—dear little souls—
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
  Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through.
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
  One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
  From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
[illegible] Jackdaws,
[illegible] of his plate,
[illegible] Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

  There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets turn'd inside out;

[1] Cheese cakes.

The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs:—
But no!—no such thing;—they can't find THE RING!
And the abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
And in holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars, they search'd till dawn;
When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!

No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eyes so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to a ghost of a caw;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, 'midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more even than before;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied—or if any one swore—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride of that country-side,
And, at last, in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint his merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of "JIM CROW."

"THOMAS INGOLDSBY"
R. H. BARHAM

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:

"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap?
"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table·
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check,
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

'One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers.
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks.
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when, suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:

With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe until you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet a musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in the farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
  And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
  His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,

And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and the year
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it "The Pied Piper's Street"—
Where anyone playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whereas they pipe us free from rats or from mic
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promi

ROBERT BROWNIN

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

From Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee, and merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this aery welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I their feats will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,

With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam:
Through woods, through lakes;
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick to play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands, through pools and ponds,
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss; they shriek—Who's this?
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.

I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp; I spin their tow;
If any 'wake, and would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We *lend them* what they do require:
And, for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night, I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye:
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their *gloze*,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wrongèd so:
When I have done, I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep;
I spy the gin,
And enter in,

And seem a vermin taken so;
But when they there approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new born steal as we go;
And elf in bed we leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old my feats have told,
So, vale, vale; ho, ho, ho!

ANONYMOUS

THE FAIRY QUEEN

Come follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be:
Which circle on the greene,
Come follow Mab your queene.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

ANONYMOUS

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard, and unespied,
Through keyholes do we glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
There we pinch their armes and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
For we use before we go
To drop a tester[1] in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet,[2] which we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed;

[1] Sixpence
[2] A small loaf

Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie:
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass;
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

ANONYMOUS

FROM THE FAERIE QUEENE

Therewith the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflamed with scornful wrath and high disdain,
And lifting up his dreadful club on height,
All armed with ragged snubbes and knotty grain,
Him thought at first encounter to have slain.
But wise and wary was that noble Peer;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous main,
Did fair avoid the violence him near:
It booted nought to think such thunderbolts to bear.

No shame he thought to shun so hideous might:
The idle stroke enforcing furious way,

Missing the mark of his misaimed sight

That three yards deep a furrow up did throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore essay,
Did groan full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange fear did like an earth-
quake show.

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundering dart with deadly food
Enrolled in flames, and smouldering dreariment,
Through riven clouds and molten firmament;
The fierce three-forked engine, making way,
Both lofty towers and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

His boisterous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up again so light,
But that the knight him at advantage found;
And, whiles he strove his cumbered club to quight[1]
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arm, which like a block
Did fall to ground, deprived of native might;
Large streams of blood out of the trunkèd stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water stream from riven
rock.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted pain,

[1] Set free

He loudly brayed with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowèd again.
As great a noise, as when in Cymbrian plain
A herd of bulls, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milky mothers' want complain,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
And neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

EDMUND SPENSER

A ROUND OF SONGS

LONDON BRIDGE

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee.
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

ANONYMOUS

ROADWAYS

One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the river,
As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to shipping,
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.

JOHN MASEFIELD

A wet road heaving, shining,
And wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
My road leads me forth

To add more miles to the tally
Of grey miles left behind,
In quest of that one beauty
God put me here to find.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE VAGABOND

I know the pools where the grayling rise,
I know the trees where the filberts fall,
I know the woods where the red fox lies,
The twisted elms where the brown owls call.
And I've seldom a shilling to call my own,
And there's never a girl I'd marry,
I thank the Lord I am a rolling stone
With never a care to carry.

I talk to the stars as they come and go
On every night from July to June,
I'm free of the speech of the winds that blow,
And I know what weather will sing what tune

I sow no seed and I pay no rent,
  And I thank no man for his bounties,
But I've a treasure that's never spent,
  I'm lord of a dozen counties.

JOHN DRINKWATER

THE OLD CLOAK

This winter's weather it waxeth cold,
  And frost it freezeth on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blast so bold
  That all our cattle are like to spill.[1]
Bell, my wife, she loves no strife;
  She said unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbock's life!
  Man, put thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flyte?[2]
  Thou kens my cloak is very thin:
It is so bare and overworn,
  A crickè thereon cannot rin.
Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend;
  For once I'll new apparell'd be;
To-morrow I'll to town and spend;
  For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. Cow Crumbock is a very good cow:
  She has been always true to the pail;
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
  And other things she will not fail.

[1] To be destroyed.
[2] Grumble.

I would be loth to see her pine.
  Good husband, counsel take of me:
It is not for us to go so fine—
  Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. My cloak it was a very good cloak,
  It hath been always true to the wear;
But now it is not worth a groat:
  I have had it four and forty year.
Sometime it was of cloth in grain:[1]
  'Tis now but a sigh clout,[2] as you may see:
It will neither hold out wind nor rain;
  And I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. It is four and forty years ago
  Sine the one of us the other did ken;
And we have had betwixt us two,
  Of children either nine or ten:
We have brought them up to women and men:
  In the fear of God I trow they be:
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
  Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flyte?
  Now is now, and then was then:
Seek now all the world throughout,
  Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen:
They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue,
  So far above their own degree.
Once in my life I'll take a view;
  For I'll have a new cloak about me.

[1] Dyed with fast colour
[2] A sorry piece of cloth

She. King Stephen was a worthy peer;
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
Therefore he called the tailor "lown."
He was a king and wore the crown,
And thou'se but of a low degree:
It's pride that puts this country down:
Man, take thy old cloak about thee!

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life
I oft must yield, though I'm good-man.
It's not for a man with a woman to threap,[1]
Unless he first give o'er the plea:
As we began, so will we keep,
And I'll take my old cloak about me.

ANONYMOUS

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

I'll sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman
Who had an old estate,
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate;
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time.

[1] Dispute.

His hall so old was hung around
  With pikes and guns and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers,
  That had stood some tough old blows;
'Twas there *his worship* held his state
  In doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack,
  To warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman
  All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
  He opened house to all;
And though *threescore and ten* his years,
  He featly[1] led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer
  E'er driven from his hall;
For while he feasted *all* the great,
  He *ne'er* forgot the small;
Like a fine old English gentleman
  All of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight,
  And years rolled swiftly by;
And Autumn's falling leaves proclaimed
  This good old man must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly,
  Gave up life's latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reigned around,
  And tears bedewed each eye,
For *this* fine *old* English gentleman
  All of the olden time.

[1] Nimbly

Now surely this is better far
  Than all the new parade
Of theatres and fancy balls,
  "At home" and masquerade:
And much more economical,
  For all his bills were paid.
Then leave your new vagaries quite,
  And take up the old trade
Of a fine old English gentleman,
  All of the olden time.

ANONYMOUS

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY

(A Sea Chanty for Pumping and Halliards[1])

I thought I heard the captain say,
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
You may go ashore and touch your pay,
  It's time for us to leave her.

You may make her fast, and pack your gear,
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
And leave her moored to the West Street Pier
  It's time for us to leave her.

The winds were foul, the work was hard,
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
From Liverpool Docks to Brooklyn Yard,
  It's time for us to leave her.

[1] Ropes for hoisting sails.

She would neither steer, nor stay, nor wear,[1]
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
She shipped it green and she made us swear,
It's time for us to leave her.

She would neither wear, nor steer, nor stay,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
Her running rigging carried away,
It's time for us to leave her.

The winds were foul, the trip was long,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
Before we go we'll sing a song,
It's time for us to leave her.

We'll sing, Oh, may we never be,
Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
On a hungry ship the like of she,
It's time for us to leave her.

Coil down.[2]

So Long. ANONYMOU

[1] To change her course to the opposite tack
[2] The end man makes a neat coil of the length of rope

A SONG FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
  Come not near our fairy queen.

    Philomel, with melody,
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
  Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
      Never harm,
      Nor spell nor charm,
    Come our lovely lady nigh;
    So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
  Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
  Worm nor snail, do no offence.

    Philomel, with melody,
    Sing in our sweet lullaby;
  Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
      Never harm,
      Nor spell nor charm,
    Come our lovely lady nigh;
    So, good night, with lullaby.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FUN AND NONSENSE

THE PIGTAIL

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore:
But wondered much and sorrowed more
  Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
  Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found—
I'll turn me round"—he turned him round;
  But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin,
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
  The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
  Hung steadily behind him

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
  The pigtail hangs behind him.

W. M. THACKERAY

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
  "And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
  Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
  "I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
  Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
  And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
  Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
  "I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
  Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
  For anything tougher than suet;

Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
  Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
  And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
  Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
  That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
  What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
  Said his father, "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
  Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

"LEWIS CARROLL"

SAGE COUNSEL

The lion is the beast to fight:
  He leaps along the plain,
And if you run with all your might,
  He runs with all his mane.
    I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,
    But if I were, with outward cal-lum
    I'd either faint upon the spot
    Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt:
He's fleeter than the wind,
And when the chamois is in front
The hunter is behind.
The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chazzums;
I'd choose the former, if you please,
For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow:
But if he gets you in his hug,
He rarely lets you go.
And Polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colours of a prissum:
But, if you'll follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechissum.

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

SOME HALLUCINATIONS

He thought he saw an Elephant,
That practised on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of Life! "

He thought he saw a Buffalo
  Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
  His Sister's Husband's Niece,
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
  "I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
  That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
  The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
  "Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
  Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
  "There won't be much for us!"

"LEWIS CARROLL"

BALLAD

Part I

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,
  (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
A thing she had frequently done before,
  And her spectacles lay on her apron'd knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
Till the cow said, "I die," and the goose ask'd, "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard—
The connexion of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits in her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

PART II

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;
  (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
  And let the cat roll in her new chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks,
  (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;
  Then she follow'd him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep follow'd her, as their tails did them.
  (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
And this song is consider'd a perfect gem,
  And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
  A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
  That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
  They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
  Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
  Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
  'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
  He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
  A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
  And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
  A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
  She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
  And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
  "Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
  Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
  To sail with old Benbow";
And her woe began to run afresh,
  As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
  To the Tender ship, you see";
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
  "What a hard-ship that must be!

Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
  For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
  And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
  The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
  And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
  That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
  And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
  To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
  Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown!
  How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
  But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,[1]
  He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
  And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
  But could not though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he chewed
  His pigtail till he died.

[1] A sailor's tobacco-box often bore a love-couplet.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

THOMAS HOOD

THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, belovèd snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"LEWIS CARROLL"

LITTLE BILLEE

There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got so far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left; us must eat we."

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend
replied.
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, belovèd snail, but come and joir
the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you joir
the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you joir
the dance?"

"LEWIS CARROLL"

LITTLE BILLEE

There were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got so far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left; us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
" With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

" Oh, Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

" First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
" Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment,
When up he jumps, " There's land I see:

" There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But, as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.[1]

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKE

[1] A warship mounting seventy-three guns.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

A SONG OF ENCHANTMENT

A song of Enchantment I sang me there,
In a green—green wood, by waters fair,
Just as the words came up to me
I sang it under the wild wood tree.

Widdershins[1] turned I, singing it low,
Watching the wild birds come and go;
No cloud in the deep dark blue to be seen
Under the thick-thatched branches green.

Twilight came: silence came:
The planet of Evening's silver flame;
By darkening paths I wandered through
Thickets trembling with drops of dew.

But the music is lost and the words are gone
Of the song I sang as I sat alone,
Ages and ages have fallen on me—
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree.

WALTER DE LA MARE

[1] Away from the sun's direction

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

This I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES H

FROM "THE PRELUDE"

V 364-388

There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ALLEN-A-DALE

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning!
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning!
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame,
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale.
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spear be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home;
"Though the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pal
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dal

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters: and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered what monster was coming
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the King's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without much more ado,
For it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a mid-summer swarm:
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed—and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud!

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt the staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.
But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-bird's rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

WILLIAM HOWITT

THE WEST WIND

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from the nest.

"Will you not come home, brother? Ye have been long away,
It's April, and blossom time, and white is the may;
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the rain.—
Will you not come home, brother, home to us again?

"The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits run,
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and sun

It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

"Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the green wheat,
So will you not come home, brother, and rest your tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for aching eyes,"
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart and head,
To the violets and the warm hearts and the thrushes' song,
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I belong.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
  The moon, like a flower
  In heaven's high bower,
  With silent delight,
  Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
  Unseen, they pour blessing,
  And joy without ceasing,
  On each bud and blossom,
  And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
  If they see any weeping
  That should have been sleeping,
  They pour sleep on their head,
  And sit down by their bed.

WILLIAM BLAKE

MOONLIT APPLES

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,
And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those
Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes
  A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches, and
  then
There is no sound at the top of the house of men
Or mice; and the cloud is blown, and the moon again
  Dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

ey are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams;
the sagging floor; they gather the silver streams
t of the moon, those moonlight apples of dreams,
And quiet is the steep stair under.

n the corridors under there is nothing but sleep.
And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep
Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep
On moon-washed apples of wonder.

JOHN DRINKWATER

THE WINDMILL

Behold! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize and the wheat and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors;
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

JACK AND JOAN

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-day's work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy-day
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;

Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss;
And his long flail can stoutly toss:
Makes the hedge, which others break;
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array:
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

THOMAS CAMPION

MEG MERRILIES

Old Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
  Her currants, pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
  Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
  Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
  She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
  No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
  Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
  She made her garlanding,
And, every night, the dark glen yew
  She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
  She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
  She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
  And tall as Amazon,
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
  A chip-hat[1] had she on·
God rest her agèd bones somewhere!
  She died full long agone!

JOHN KEATS

[1] A hat made of thin strips of woody fibre

THE NIGHT PIECE

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
    And the elves also,
    Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
    But on, on thy way
    Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber:
What though the moon does slumber?
    The stars of the night
    Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

ROBERT HERRICK

BLACKBIRD

He comes on chosen evenings,
My blackbird bountiful, and sings
Over the gardens of the town
Just at the hour the sun goes down.
His flight across the chimneys thick,
By some divine arithmetic,

Comes to his customary stack,
And crouches there his plumage black,
And there he lifts his yellow bill
Kindled against the sunset, till
These suburbs are like Dymock woods
Where music has her solitudes,
And while he mocks the winter's wrong
Rapt on his pinnacle of song,
Figured above our garden plots
Those are celestial chimney-pots.

JOHN DRINKWATER

TO A FIELD MOUSE

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle![1]

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

[1] Plough-staff.

A daimen-icker in a thrave[1]
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin':
And naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage[2] green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell[3] an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But[4] house or hald,
To thole[5] the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch[6] cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain:

[1] One ear out of two dozen sheaves.
[2] Long grass left uncut right through the winter.
[3] Piercing.
[4] Without.
[5] Endure.
[6] Hoar-frost.

ROBERT BURNS

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

ROBERT BURNS

THE FOX AND THE FARMER

A Fox jumped up on a moonlight night,
The stars were shining, and all things bright;
"Oh, oh!" said the Fox, "it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, heigho!"

The Fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears, and he listened awhile,
"Oh, oh!" said the Fox, "it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder town, heigho!"

The Fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Whom should he see but the farmer's Drake;
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bones, heigho!"

There strode a stranger to the door,
  And it was windy weather:

He took the goose upon his arm,
  He utter'd words of scorning;
"So keep you cold or keep you warm,
  It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
  And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
  And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
  The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
  And a whirlwind clear'd the larder;

And while on all sides breaking loose
  Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose,
  And God forget the stranger!"

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf
And ran to tell her neighbours;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder:
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle:
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursèd note!"
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
"Go, take the goose, and wring her throat;
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,

There strode a stranger to the door,
  And it was windy weather:

He took the goose upon his arm,
  He utter'd words of scorning;
"So keep you cold or keep you warm,
  It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
  And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
  And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
  The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
  And a whirlwind clear'd the larder;

And while on all sides breaking loose
  Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose,
  And God forget the stranger!"

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

NICHOLAS NYE

Thistle and darnel and dock grew there,
  And a bush, in the corner, of may,
On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
  In the blazing heat of the day;

Half asleep and half awake,
  While the birds went twittering by,
And nobody there my lone to share
  But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and grey,
  Lame of a leg and old,
More than a score of donkey's years
  He had seen since he was foaled;
He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
  Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
And turn to his head, as if he said,
  "Poor Nicholas Nye!"

Alone with his shadow he'd drowse in the meadow,
  Lazily swinging his tail,
At break of day he used to bray—
  Not much too hearty and hale;
But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
  And a clear calm light in his eye,
And once in a while he would smile a smile—
  Would Nicholas Nye.

Seem to be smiling at me, he would,
  From his bush in the corner, of may—
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
  Knobble-kneed, lonely and grey;
And over the grass would seem to pass
  'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,
Something much better than words between me
  And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
The green of the glow-worm shine,
The birds in nest would crouch to rest,
And home I'd trudge to mine;
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
Asking not wherefore nor why,
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
Old Nicholas Nye.

WALTER DE LA MARE

A RUNNABLE STAG

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
And apples began to be golden-skinned,
We harboured[1] a stag in the Priory coomb,[2]
And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feathered his trail up-wind—
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray[3] and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And "Forwards" we heard the harbourer shout;
But 'twas only a brocket[4] that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antlered out

[1] Tracked to his lair.
[2] A deep, narrow valley.
[3] The first, second, and third antlers.
[4] A young stag with only its first horns.

By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beamed[1] and tined[2]
He stood, a runnable stag.

So we tufted the covert till afternoon
With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North;
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
"Tally ho! tally ho!" and the hunt was up,
The tufters whipped and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

"Let your gelding be: if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustomed to bear the brunt,
Accustomed to bear the brunt,

[1] The "beam" is the main trunk of a stag's horn; it bears the antlers.
[2] The "tines" are each of the pointed branches of a stag's horn.

Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
Of harbourer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,

Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he opened his nostrils wide again,
And he tossed his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,
Till he sank in the depths of the sea—
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewelled bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag

JOHN DAVIDSON

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams,
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams

Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag."

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead—
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

For a matter of twenty miles and more,
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harbourer, huntsman, hounds and all,
Of harbourer, hounds and all—
The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
He ran, and he never was caught alive,
This stag, this runnable stag.

When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin ro
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
    Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
    Are each paved with the moon and these.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
    And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
    I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
    The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
    Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph;
    And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
    I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

AFTER READING IN A LETTER PROPOSALS FOR BUILDING A COTTAGE

Beside a runnel build my shed,
  With stubbles covered o'er,
Let broad oaks o'er its chimney spread,
  And grass-plats grace the door.

The door may open with a string,
  So that it closes tight,
And locks would be a wanted thing
  To keep out thieves at night.

A little garden, not too fine,
  Enclose with painted pales;
And woodbines, round the cot to twine,
  Pin to the wall with nails.

Let hazels grow, and spindling sedge
  Bend bowering overhead;
Dig old man's beard from woodland hedge
  To twine a summer shade.

Beside the threshold sods provide,
  And build a summer seat;
Plant sweet-briar bushes by its side,
  And flowers that blossom sweet.

I love the sparrows' ways to watch
  Upon the cotters' sheds,
So here and there pull out the thatch
  That they may hide their heads.

And as the sweeping swallows stop
  Their flights along the green,
Leave holes within the chimney-top
  To paste their nest between.

Stick shelves and cupboards round the hut,
  In all the holes and nooks;
Nor in the corner fail to put
  A cupboard for the books.

Along the floor some sand I'll sift,
  To make it fit to live in;
And then I'll thank ye for the gift,
  As something worth the giving.

JOHN CLARE

TALES OF LONG AGO

PUCK'S SONG

See you the dimpled track that runs,
  All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
  That smote King Philip's fleet.

See you our little mill that clacks,
  So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
  Ever since Doomsday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,
  And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke,
  On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread
  About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
  When Alfred's ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,
  Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
  Ere London boasted a house.

Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke:
A son and his aged father—
Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the king again.
Down by the shore he had them;
And there on the giddy brink—
"I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink."

There stood the son and father
And they looked high and low;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear:
"I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

"Life is dear to the aged,
And honour a little thing;
I would gladly sell the secret,"
Quoth the Pict to the king.
His voice was small as a sparrow's,
And shrill and wonderful clear;
"I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.

"For life is a little matter
  And death is nought to the young;
And I dare not sell my honour
  Under the eye of my son.
Take him, O king, and bind him,
  And cast him far in the deep;
And it's I will tell the secret
  That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and bound him,
  Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
  And flung him far and strong,
And the sea swallowed his body,
  Like that of a child of ten;—
And there on the cliff stood the father,
  Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:
  Only my son I feared;
For I doubt the sapling courage
  That goes without the beard.
But now in vain is the torture,
  Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my bosom
  The secret of Heather Ale."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

EARL MAR'S DAUGHTER

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a summer's day,
The noble Earl Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

And as she play'd and sported
Below a green oak tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo[1]
Set on a branch sae hie.

"O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
If ye'll come down to me,
Ye'll have a cage of good red gold
Instead o' simple tree.

"I'll put gold hingers[2] roun' your cage,
And siller round your wa',
I'll gar[3] ye shine as fair a bird
As any o' them a'."

And she had not these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till Coo-my-doo flew from the tower
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Home to her bower and ha',

1 Dove. 2 Hangings. 3 Make.

And made him shine as fair a bird
  As any o' them a'.

When day was gone and night was come,
  About the evening-tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
  Stand straight up by her side.

"O who are ye, young man?" she said,
  "What country come ye frae?"—
"I flew across the sea," he said,
  "'Twas but this very day.

"My mither is a queen," he says,
  "Likewise of magic skill;
'Twas she that turn'd me in[1] a doo,
  To fly where'er I will.

"And it was but this very day
  That I came o'er the sea:
I loved you at a single look;
  With you I'll live and dee."—

"O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
  No more from me ye'll gae——"
"That's never my intent, my Love:
  As ye said, it shall be sae."

Thus he has stay'd in bower with her
  For twenty years and three;
Till there came a lord of high renown
  To court this fair ladye.

[1] So also, p. 103, "My seven sons in seven swans."

But still his proffer she refused,
And all his presents too;
Says, "I'm content to live alone
With my bird Coo-my-doo."

Her father sware a solemn oath,
Among the nobles all,
"To-morrow, ere I eat or drink,
That bird I'll surely kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what he did say;
He jump'd upon the window-sill:
"'Tis time I was away."

Then Coo-my-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea,
And lighted at his mither's castle,
On a tower of gold sae hie.

The Queen his mither was walking out,
To see what she could see,
And there she saw her darling son
Set on the tower sae hie.

"Get dancers here to dance," she said,
"And minstrels for to play;
For here's my dear son Florentine
Come hame wi' me to stay."—

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither,
Or minstrels for to play,

Turn four-and-twenty well-wight[1] men
  Like storks, in feathers gray;

"My seven sons[2] in seven swans,
  Above their heads to flee;
And I myself a gay goshawk,
  A bird o' high degree."

This flock of birds took flight and flew
  Beyond the raging sea;
They landed near the Earl Mar's castle,
  Took shelter in every tree.

These birds flew up from bush and tree,
  And lighted on the ha';
And when the wedding-train came forth,
  Flew down among them a'.

The storks they seized the boldest men,
  That they could nor fight nor flee,
The swans they bound the bridegroom fast
  Unto a green oak tree.

They flew around the bride-maidens,
  Then on the bride's own head;
And with the twinkling of an eye,
  The bride and they were fled.

ANONYMOUS

owerful, stalwart
some versions of this ballad Coo-my-doo spent *seven* years
Earl Mar's daughter, during which time she [illegible]
seven sons.

THE DANES

Their sails, as black as a starless night,
Came moving on, with a sullen might;
Rows of gleaming shields there hung,
Over the gunwales in order slung;
And the broad black banners fluttered and flapped
Like raven's pinions, as dipped and lapped
The Norsemen's galleys; their axes shone;

Every Dane had a hauberk on—
Glittering gold; how each robber lord
Waved in the air his threatening sword!
One long swift rush through surf and foam
And they leapt, ere the rolling wave had gone,
On our Saxon shore, their new-found home.

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY

THE TWA BROTHERS[1]

There were twa brothers at the school,
And when they got awa'—
It's "Will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at ba',
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head?
And there we'll warsell a fa'."—

"I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at ba',
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll warsell a fa'."

[1] There are several versions of this ballad.

They warsled up, they warsled down,
  Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of William's pouch
  And gave John a deadly wound.

"O lift me up upon your back,
  Tak me to yon well fair,
And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
  And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
  Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and
    o'er,
  But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak' aff, tak' aff my holland sark,
  And rive[1] it gair by gair,
And row[2] it in my bluidy wounds,
  And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He's taken aff his holland sark,
  And torn it gair by gair;
He's row it in his bluidy wounds,
  But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"O tak' now aff my green cleiding,
  And row[3] me saftly in;
And carry me up yon kirk style,
  Where the grass grows fair and green."

[1] Tear. [2] Dab [3] Carry.

He's taken aff the green cleiding,
And rowed him saftly in;
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae home at e'en?"—
"I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green."—

"O no, O no, my brother dear,
O you must not say so;
But say I'm gone to a foreign land,
Where nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair,
He grew baith pale and wan.
"O what blude's that upon your brow?
And where is your brother John?"—

"It is the blude o' my gude grey steed—
He wouldna ride wi' me."—
"O thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor ne'er sae dear to me!—

"O what blude's that upon your cheek?
O dear son, tell to me!"—
"It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wouldna hunt for me."—

"O thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor ne'er sae dear to me;
O what blude's this upon your hand?
O dear son, tell to me."

"It is the blude of my gay gosshawk,
He wadna flee for me."—
"O thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor ne'er sae dear to me;

"O what blude's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie, tell to me."—
"It is the blude of my ae brother,
And dule and wae is me!"—

"O what sall I say to your mither?
Dear Willie, tell to me."—
"I'll saddle my steed and awa' I'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."—

"O when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie, tell to me."—
"*When the sun and moon* dance on yon
green;
And that will never be!"

ANONYMOUS

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,

He's taken aff the green cleiding,
And rowed him saftly in;
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae home at e'en?"—
"I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green."-

"O no, O no, my brother dear,
O you must not say so;
But say I'm gone to a foreign land,
Where nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair,
He grew baith pale and wan.
"O what blude's that upon your brow?
And where is your brother John?"—

"It is the blude o' my gude grey steed—
He wouldna ride wi' me."—
"O thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor ne'er sae dear to me!—

"O what blude's that upon your cheek?
O dear son, tell to me!"—
"It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wouldna hunt for me."—

"O thy hound's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor ne'er sae dear to me;
O what blude's this upon your hand?
O dear son, tell to me."

"It is the blude of my gay gosshawk,
He wadna flee for me."—
"O thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor ne'er sae dear to me;

"O what blude's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie, tell to me."—
"It is the blude of my ae brother,
And dule and wae is me! "—

"O what sall I say to your mither?
Dear Willie, tell to me."—
"I'll saddle my steed and awa' I'll ride
To dwell in some far countrie."—

"O when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie, tell to me."—
"When the sun and moon dance on yon
green;
And that will never be! "

ANONYMOUS

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,

And flung our armour in the ships
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all the ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck
Oh, but his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle van.—

"Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit[1] lies near my soul,
I needs must tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

[1] An ill omen.

"Last night as on my bed I lay,
  I dreamed a dreary dream:—
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
  In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye—
  Snow-white his scattered hairs—
And even such a cross he bore
  As good Saint Andrew bears.

"'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
  'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
  From this our Scottish land?

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee
  Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
  Stand glittering in the calm.

"'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
  Shall rest, by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
  To rise from earth and sea!

"'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
  That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
  As it was wont of yore.

"'And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
  And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
  Not, James of Douglas, thou!'

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,[1]
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,

[1] Kettle-drums used by the Moors.

And whose the crowd of armèd men
  That round yon standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa
  To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
  Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord
    James,
  "Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
  From the Cross in jeopardie!

"Have down, have down, my merry men
    all—
  Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
  Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
  Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
  Who comes in such an hour!

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
  Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
  Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
  Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
  And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our Blessed Lord
Who died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

The king has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honoured may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!
"There is not one of all my men
But is as frank as I.

"There is not one of all my knights
  But bears as true a spear—
Then—onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
  And think, King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
  The arrows flashed like flame,
As, spur in side, and spear in rest,
  Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
  Went down, both horse and man:
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
  So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
  Though fain to let us through;
For they were forty thousand men,
  And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,
  So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
  Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in, make in!" Lord Douglas cried—
  "Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
  We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
  And sharper shot the rain;
And the horses reared amid the press,
  But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,[1]
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me;
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree![2]

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;

[1] Conflict. [2] Endure.

And woe, that I am living man,
  Not lying there by him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
  And thin my lyart[1] hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
  Is stretched before me there.

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
  Beneath the sun of May!
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
  Is bound for you this day.

"And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
  In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
  Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,
  We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
  Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
  For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
  Shall never bear the Moor!"

The King he lighted from his horse,
  He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
  So stately as he lay.

[1] Silvery grey.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
  That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone
  So thou wert here again!"

We lifted thence the good Lord James,
  And the priceless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
  Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
  Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death,
  Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
  The heart in fair Melrose;
And woeful men were we that day—
  God grant their souls repose!

W. E. AYTOUN

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
  Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
  To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
  This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
  And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
  Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
  My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
  Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
  When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
  "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
  But for your winsome lady:—

"And by my word! the bonny bird
  In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
  I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
  The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
  Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
  And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
  Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
  "Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
  But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
  A stormy sea before her,—
When, O! too strong for human hand
  The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
  Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
  His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
  His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
  And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
  "Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
  My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the wild waves lashed the shore,
  Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
  And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

A FAREWELL

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
  An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go
  A service to my bonnie lassie:

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
  Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
  And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
  The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
  The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
  Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
  It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

ROBERT BURNS

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
  He happened to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
  For he was a lusty young man.

Though he was called Little, his limbs they were large
  And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quaked at his name,
  For soon he would make them to fly.

How they 'came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
  If you will but listen awhile;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
  I think it may cause you to smile.

Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmèn,
"Pray tarry you here in this grove;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough[1] the forest I rove.

"We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently[2] blow."

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good-bye:
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanced to espy.

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
"I'll show you right Nottingham play."

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger replied, "I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offerest to touch the string."

Quoth bold Robin Hood: "Thou dost prate like an ass,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart,
Before thou could'st strike me one blow."

"Thou talk'st like a coward," the stranger replied,
"Well armed with a long bow you stand

[1] We still say, "No thoroughfare."
[2] Immediately.

To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
  Have nought but a staff in my hand."

"The name of a coward," quoth Robin, "I scorn.
  Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
  The truth of thy manhood to try."

Then Robin Hood stepped to a thicket of trees,
  And chose him a staff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
  To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

"Lo! see my staff: it is lusty and tough,
  Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
  The battle, and so we'll away."

"With all my whole heart," the stranger replied,
  "I scorn in the least to give out."
This said, they fell to 't without more dispute,
  And their staffs they did flourish about.

And first Robin Hood gave the stranger a bang,
  So hard that it made his bones ring.
The stranger he said: "This must be repaid,
  I'll give you as good as you bring.

"So long as I'm able to handle my staff,
  To die in your debt, friend, I scorn."
Then to it each goes, and followed their blows,
  As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin enraged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed with blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire;
At every stroke he made him to smoke
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a terrible look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

"I pray thee, good fellow, O where art thou no
The stranger in laughter he cried.
Quoth bold Robin Hood: "Good faith! in the f
And floating along with the tide.

"I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave so
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end."

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pulled himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blew a loud blast
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn.

The echo of which through the valleys did
At which his stout bowmen appeared,
All clothèd in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steered.

O, what's the matter?" quoth William Stuteleigh.
"Good master, you are wet to the skin."
No matter!" quoth he. "The lad which you see,
In fighting hath tumbled me in."

He shall not go scot-free!" the others replied;
So straight they were seizing him there,
o duck him likewise. But Robin Hood cries,
"He is a stout fellow! Forbear!

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend. Be not afraid,
These bowmen upon me do wait;
here's threescore and nine. If thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery straight.

And other accoutrements fit for a man;
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear
'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer"

'O, here is my hand," the stranger replied,
"I'll serve you with all my whole heart,
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle.
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part."

'His name shall be altered," quoth William Stuteleigh.
"And I will his godfather be
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry!" quoth he

They presently fetched in a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise.
They loved what was good; so in the greenwood
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, maybe, an ell in the waist.
A pretty sweet lad! Much feasting they had.
Bold Robin the christening graced,

With all his bowmen, who stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed.
Brave Stuteleigh comes then, with seven yeomèn,
And did in this manner proceed.

"This infant was called John Little," quoth he.
"Which name shall be changèd anon.
The words we'll transpose; so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John."

They all with a shout made the elements ring;
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquor galore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And clothed him from top to the toe
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

"Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us,
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have aught in their purse.

"We live here like squires or lords of renown,
Without e'er a foot of free land:
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and
And everything at our command."

Then music and dancing did finish the day,
  At length, when the sun waxèd low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
  And unto their caves did they go.

And so, ever after, as long as he lived,
  Although he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
  Still Little John they did him call.

ANONYMOUS

ROBIN HOOD AND THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

There are twelve months in all the year,
  As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
  Is the merry month of May

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
  With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
  Was weeping on the way.

" What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
  What news hast thou for me? "
Said she, " There's my three sons in Nottingham town
  To-day condemned to die."

" O what have they done? " said Robin Hood.
  " I pray thee tell to me."—
" It's for slaying the king's fallow deer,
  Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
 "How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
 "You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
 With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly[1] old palmer,
 Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
 What news, I do thee pray?"—
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
 Are condemned to die this day."—

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
 Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
 Go drink it in beer or wine."—

"O thine apparel is good," he said,
 "*And mine is ragged and torn;*
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
 Laugh not an old man to scorn."—

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
 Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
 Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
 It stood full high on the crown:

[1] Innocent.

"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patched from middle to side:
'By the truth of my body," bold Robin gan say,
"This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist:
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

"Save you, save you, sheriff! " he said;
"Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be? "

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumped, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made!

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pockèt,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

"O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellòw!
Of thee I have no doubt;
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

"O who are those," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say,
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,[1]
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

ANONYMOUS

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby'!"

Men say it was a stolen tide—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:

[1] A slight dip in the ground

And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the door,
My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My son's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick[1] groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;

[1] A kind of grass.

Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
  Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
  When I begin to think how long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
  Swift as an arrow, sharp and strong;
And all the air, it seemeth me,
Bin full of floating bells (saith she),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
  And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
  The steeple towered from out the green;
And lo! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
  Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
  And my son's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked up into the sky,
  And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
  And where the lordly steeple shows.

They said, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
  Of pirate galleys warping down;
For ships ashore beyond the scorpe,[1]
  They have not spared to wake the town;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my son
  Came riding down with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea-wall" (he cried) "is down,
  The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town
  Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good son, where Lindis winds away,
  With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play,
  Afar I heard her milking-song."

[1] Steep face of the hill.

He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre[1] reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amain;[2]
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;

[1] Tidal wave
[2] With violence.

I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roof to roof who fearless rowed;
And I—my son was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear!
The waters laid thee at his door,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass;
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
    Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
    Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore,
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
    Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
    Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Lightfoot, rise and follow:
    Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
  From your clovers lift the head;
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
  Jetty, to the milking-shed."

JEAN INGELOW

THE SPANISH ARMADO

Some years of late, in eighty-eight,
  As I do well remember,
It was, some say, the middle of May,
  And some say in September,
    And some say in September.

The Spanish train launched forth amain,
  With many a fine bravado,
Their (as they thought, but it proved not)
  Invincible Armado,
    Invincible Armado.

There was a man that dwelt in Spain,
  Who shot well with a gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
  As the Knight of the Sun a,
    As the Knight of the Sun a.

King Philip made him Admiral,
  And bade him not to stay a,
But to destroy both man and boy
  And so to come away a,
    And so to come away a.

Their navy was well-victuallèd
  With bisket, pease, and bacon,
They brought two ships, well fraught with whips,
  But I think they were mistaken,
    But I think they were mistaken.

Their men were young, munition strong,
  And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to join their fleet
  All with the Prince of Parma,
    All with the Prince of Parma.

They coasted round about our land,
  And so came in by Dover:
But we had men set on 'em then,
  And threw the rascals over,
    And threw the rascals over.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
  What could we more desire a?
Sir Francis Drake for her sweet sake
  Did set them all on fire a,
    Did set them all on fire a.

Then straight they fled by sea and land,

a.

Then let them *neither bray nor* boast,
  But if they come again a,
Let them take heed they do not speed
  As *they did you know* when a,
    As they did you know when a.

ANONYMOUS

MARY AMBREE

When captains courageous, whom death could not
daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When the brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherouslìe,
Then vowed to revenge him, Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, they might be of her band;
To wait on her person came thousand and three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"My soldiers," she saith, "so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be."
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
"So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
No maiden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day;
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a score killèd she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayèd for lucre of hire,
At length she was forced to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree:
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three;
O what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

'Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be."
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?"
"A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be."

"No captain of England; behold in your sight
A woman, my masters, and therefore no knight:
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple maiden, called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave maidens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree."

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

ANONYMOUS

THE WINNING OF CALES[1]

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
  Threat'ning our country with fire and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous,
  With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
      Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums:
      Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presently went our lord admiral,
  With knights courageous and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
  With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
      Dub a dub, etc.

At Plymouth speedily, took they ship valiantly,
  Braver ships never were seen under sail,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
      head;
  Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tail.
      Dub a dub, etc.

Unto Cales cunningly, came we most speedily,
  Where the king's navy securely did ride.
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
  Ere any Spaniards our coming descried.
      Dub a dub, etc.

[1] Our sailors' corrupt pronunciation of Cadiz, captured 21st June, 1596.

PREPARATIONS

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie[1] o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!"

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
For 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

[1] Dais: the canopy over a throne.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

ANONYMOUS
(From a MS. at Christ Church)

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the clarion's note is high;
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the huge drum makes reply:
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant Cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears.
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret stair.
Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;

And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van."

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon, and the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers' shout, 'For God and for the King!'"—

'Tis noon;[1] the ranks are broken along the royal line;
They fly, the braggarts of the Court, the bullies of the Rhine:
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown;
And cold Newcastle mutters as he follows in the flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The Knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout—
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it out!"

[1] A poet's blunder: the battle did not begin until 7 p.m.

And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are here.
The traitors ring thee round; and with every blow and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial, down with him to the dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!"—

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;
The grey-haired warden watches on the castle's highest tower.
"What news, what news, old Anthony?"—"The field is lost and won;
The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun;
And a wounded man speeds hither,—I am old and cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should be."—

"I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough a fray

As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme fo
minstrel's lay.
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantun
suff.*;
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and buff
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breath
ing out his life,
And I am come to thee a landless man, my fond and
faithful wife!

"Sweet, we will fill our money-bags and freight a shi
for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mis
chance;
Or if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal[1] for a king, and Peters[2] for a
pope!
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy!—out on the crop-eared boor
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston
Moor!"

W. M. PRAED

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

Trample! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was
mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

[1] Speaker of the House of Commons.
[2] Hugh Peters was Cromwell's chaplain.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
  Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
  That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
  And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
  Splintered through fence and rail,
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,
  I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town, but a mile of down,
  Over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
  Past the walls of mossy stone,
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
  But blood is better than bone
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
  For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
  And I saw their wolf's eyes burn,
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
  And made me ready to turn
I looked where highest grew the may,
  And deepest arched the fern

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat
  One blow, and he was down
The second rogue fired twice and missed.
  I sliced the villain's crown,

Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast, to Salisbury town.

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand.
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

G. W. THORNBURY

THE *GOLDEN VANITY*[1]

A ship have I got in the North Countree,
And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanitie.*
O, I fear she will be taken by a Spanish Ga-la-lee,
As she sails by the Lowlands low.

To the captain then up spake the little cabin-boy,
He said, "What is my fee if the galley I destroy?
The Spanish Ga-la-lee, if no more it shall annoy,
As you sail by the Lowlands low?"

"Of silver and of gold I will give to you a store,
And my pretty little daughter that dwelleth on
shore,
Of treasure and of fee as well I'll give to thee ga
As we sail by the Lowlands low."

1 There are numerous versions of this old ballad: in som
a Turkish, in others a French galley that is sunk.

Then the boy bared his breast, and straightway he
jumped in,
And he held in his hand an auger sharp and thin,
And he swam until he came to the Spanish galleon,
As she lay by the Lowlands low.

He bored with the auger; he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing
dice;
When the water flowèd in, it dazzled their eyes,
And she sank by the Lowlands low.

So the cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side,
Saying, "Captain, take me in, I am drifting with the
tide!"
"I will shoot you! I will kill you," the cruel captain
cried,
"You may sink by the Lowlands low."

Then the cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side,
Saying, "Messmates, take me in, I am drifting with the
tide!"
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes
and died,
As they sailed by the Lowlands low.

They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant cabin-boy out over the ship's
side,
And left him without more ado a-drifting with the tide,
And to sink by the Lowlands low.

ANONYMOUS

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyaunce in the sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles arose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to
    the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.

Quoth Sir Rålph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
But the waves rush in on every side,
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE LAST BUCCANEER

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and
high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish Main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and
stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round
about;

And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards
of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk
of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as
stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul[1] them, and starve them to
the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone
like gold,
And the colibris[2] and parrots they were gorgeous to
behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the
roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched
the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down
were we.

[1] To haul a man under the keel of a ship by lowering him over the side and pulling him up on the opposite side.
[2] Humming-birds.

l day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the
    booms at night;
nd I fled in a piragua,[1] sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing
    she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until
    I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off
    there:
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

MEN WHO MARCH AWAY (1805)

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
If he won't sail lest the wind should blow,
We shall have marched for nothing, O!
    Right fol-lol!

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
If he be sea-sick, says "No, no!"
We shall have marched for nothing, O!
    Right fol-lol!

[1] Now usually written *pirogue*; an open boat.

We be the King's men, hale and hearty,
Marching to meet one Buonaparty;
Never mind, mates; we'll be merry, though
We may have marched for nothing, O!
Right fol-loll!

THOMAS HARDY

THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-EL-KADR[1]

I

As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He, in whom our Tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried,
As I ride, as I ride.

II

As I ride, as I ride
To our Chief and his Allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied—
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride?

[1] Abd-el-Kadr was an Arab Chief of Algiers who resisted the French in 1833.

III

As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide, nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride)
O'er each visioned homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied?)
To reside—where he died,
As I ride, as I ride.

IV

As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,
Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
—Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed—
How has vied stride with stride
As I ride, as I ride!

V

As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide
(As I ride, as I ride)
All that's meant me—satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride!

ROBERT BROWNING

FROM "TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE"

And while they sat at speech as at a feast,
Came a light wind fast hardening forth of the east
And blackening till its might had marred the skies;
And the sea thrilled as with heart-sundering sighs
One after one drawn, with each breath it drew,
And the green hardened into iron blue,
And the soft light went out of all its face.
Then Tristram girt him for an oarsman's place
And took his oar and smote, and toiled with might
In the east wind's full face and the strong sea's spite
Labouring; and all the rowers rowed hard, but he
More mightily than any wearier three.
And Iseult watched him rowing with sinless eyes
That loved him but in holy girlish wise
For noble joy in his fair manliness
And trust and tender wonder; none the less
She thought if God had given her grace to be
Man, and make war on danger of earth and sea,
Even such a man she would be; for his stroke
Was mightiest as the mightier water broke,
And in sheer measure like strong music drave
Clean through the wet weight of the wallowing wave;
And as a tune before a great king played
[illegible]

. . . . .

For all the loud breach of the waves at will.
So for an hour they fought the storm out still.

And the shorn foam spun from the blades, and high
The keel sprang from the wave-ridge, and the sky
Glared at them for a breath's space through the rain
Then the bows with a sharp shock plunged again
Down, and the sea clashed on them, and so rose
The bright stem like one panting from swift blows,
And as a swimmer's joyous beaten head
Rears itself laughing, so in that sharp stead
The light ship lifted her long quivering bows
As might the man his buffeted strong brows
Out of the wave-breach; for with one stroke yet
Went all men's oars together, strongly set
As to loud music, and with hearts uplift
They smote their st[illegible]-way through the drench

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF AUTHORS

INDEX OF FIRST LINES